THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 81.

LOTTERIES.

In continuation.

.....They keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to the sense.....

It was stated in our last number that lotteries must be viewed in the light of a compulsory tax on the community, and as an injury to the public morals.

It was stated that the sudden accumulation of great wealth was apt to intoxicate the mind and take from it those powers of gratification which it would otherwise receive. However each may deny the applicability of this position to himself, however willing he may be to contend with all the perplexities of wealth and the splendid difficulties of a magnified fortune, yet let it be asked of him, what does experience teach us? We are all ready enough to run into such pleasant danger, but how many are there victorious in the contest? Who makes the best member of society? He who gradually rises by industry to opulence, and watches the slow accumulation of his fortune increased only by toil and economy, or the man who founds his claims to opulence on hereditary right, and partakes the luxuries of wealth, not by personal merit, but ancestorial possession. There are exceptions from all rules, and we find them from this; but in a limited observation in our own city we can point out the instances where independence with all its charms, with all the delights which a fond imagination is apt to behold in it, has really been destructive to those who possessed it, and the zeal and affection of the father in accumulating a fortune has irretrievably ruined the child of his affections for whom it was accumulated.

If the acquisition of wealth without personal labour, although for a long time anticipated, comes so much like a torrent as to break down the natural barriers of the passions, and to set the judgment and reason afloat on the stream, how irresistible must be its force when it arrives unexpectedly; when the chances of fortune on which no man could calculate rolls the tide of wealth into the humble abodes of mediocrity and labour, and by an artificial elevation revolutionizes all former arrangements and accustomed forms. It is no wonder that human strength yields to its power, no wonder that the sudden force conquers the mind: it might have operated like a salutary medicine if proper proportions had been used; but coming in so large a quantity its influence was poison and destruction is accomplished. This is not the exaggeration of enthusiasm, we

can trace its operation, we know its effects, we have witnessed its melancholy instances.

Wealth has such powerful charms that it is generally thought to be equally amiable in whatever form it appears, but it is found to be really advantageous only when accompanied by a knowledge of its use; and this knowledge is like all others, to be acquired by time and experience. It is equally impossible for a man, all his life time accustomed to poverty, on a sudden to square his mind to the requisitions of fortune, as it would be for a clown to assume the manners of a courtier.

It is not expected that this argument will convince individuals engaged in making money. But it is worthy the attention of those who have the power to sanction or prevent a lottery.

Unfortunately the injury produced in society by this manner is too plain to be denied, but it is not the greatest. By a lottery, fortune gives its favourite a *temporary* elevation only above his usual pursuit without affording him stability enough to maintain his ascendancy: it fills him with pride too great to move in his accustomed circle, but not capacity enough to walk in a higher. In the contest thus produced between ignorance and pride, the true character is sure to fall a sacrifice. The favoured child of the fickle deity is taken from his workshop and induced to imitate the manners of the gentleman.

> Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
> He wades in seas of money far beyond his depth,
> Till at length his ill got gain breaks under him.

He is too proud to descend, and too inconsiderable to remain, and thus probably some industrious artisan, who would have pursued his destined course respectable for his industry, is seduced from his employments by a prize, and left in the end to find his fortune worse than a blank.

A lottery is a scheme of deception, and no better than legalized pickpocketing. In order that some may gain, it is necessary that more should lose, and the deception is apparent in the confidence of every adventurer when it is certain that two thirds must be entirely disappointed. Hence with a kind of *false pretence*, not a whit more honest than that which is severely punished by the criminal law (save only the legislative sanction attached to it,) two thirds of twenty-five thousand adventurers are deceived in their hopes and punished for their credulity, and those to whose advantage it accrues may laugh with triumph at the folly which is caught by their ridiculous rhodomantade and nonsensical advertisements.

But the greatest complaint against a lottery is its injury to public morals. It induces men to become gamesters; it encourages a propensity for gambling, (a propensity too inherent in depraved minds to require extraneous assistance;) it leads men to stake the future against the present, and to trust rather to the contingency of fortune than to industry or labour.

It is easier to encourage this propensity than restrain it after it has commenced. It would be well if it ended with the lottery; but he who has acquired a small sum by chance finds how much easier it is to receive it in that way than by the drudgery of an accustomed occupation. He trusts to the good luck which befriended him, and hopes to be equally successful at some other game.

Men who see their neighbours, who had heretofore been on a level

with themselves, rising above mediocrity by a successful ticket, find what a pretty thing it is to gain money without trouble, and from becoming disappointed candidates for the highest prize, place dollar after dollar upon the hazard of the die. Gaming is the first of a series of vices. It always brings others in its train.

Among the public evils resulting from frequent lotteries should be reckoned their liability to abuse. The abuses of any system are not commonly a fair argument against it but they become so as it respects a lottery, from the impracticability of preventing them. To be sure a plain and positive law will serve as a check, but its provisions cannot always be adapted to the case.—The ingenuity of avarice will outrun the wisdom of legislation and make the laws rather serve to prevent a repetition of mischief than secure the citizens from the original injury. But even plain and positive law will be sometimes contemned. The present consideration of this subject was pressed on the Wanderer by a recent advertisement in our public prints, directly controverting the regulations (feeble as they are) which have been prescribed by government for the regulation of lotteries within this Commonwealth. It was his intention to have cautioned his readers against being duped by a scheme as deceptive as illegal, when it was announcedthat theplan was abandoned. He will now pass it over in silence, charitably disposed to accept the excuse, notwithstanding the maxim *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat.*

The *insurance* of tickets seems not to have gone a great way in public favour, as it is equally pernicious, deceptive and gambling as the one above referred to. The authorizing a lottery imposes a duty of restraining this immoral abuse of it.

As a recompense for these disadvantages produced by lotteries some great public good ought to be effected by their means. Against such a mass of evils some great benefit must be found to balance the scales. Still however it will remain a question, whenever a lottery is proposed, whether virtue should be bartered for wealth, the morals and manners of the community at large staked against the convenience or benefit of some private institution.

F.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF *LORD THURLOW.*

CONCLUDED.

At once haughty and indolent by nature; attached to a party, and distracted by politics; with a mind fitted to discountenance, abuse and appal oppression, Lord Thurlow disappointed their expectations; and, by his conduct forcibly illustrated that great legal axiom, that the duties of the Woolsack and the Chancery are incompatible.

A change of ministry taking place the chancellor was suddenly dismissed; and the man who had risen with the approbation of mankind, retired amidst the clamours of the nation.

Restored to his high office by another change, as sudden as his dismission had been precipitated, if his inactivity had been still the same yet his personal conduct seemed to be greatly altered. Exiled from power, he had been taught by retirement what other men have not learned by adversity; and his present attention to business, and politeness to the gentlemen at the bar,

afforded a happy contrast to his former behaviour.

The character of the chancellor seems to be developed in his countenance, by an outline at once bold, haughty, and commanding. Like Hale, he is negligent of his person; like Yorke, he has swerved from his party; but like himself alone, he has ever remained true to his own principles.

As an orator, his manner is dignified, his periods are short, and his voice at once sonorous and commanding. More nervous than Camden, more eloquent than Richmond, more masculine than Sidney, he is the sole support of the minister in the house of peers. Like an insulated rock, he opposes his sullen and rugged front to the storm of debate, and remains unshaken by the whirlwind of opposition.

Better acquainted with books than with men, as a politician, his knowledge of foreign affairs is narrow and confined; he is, however, well informed of the domestic and immediate concerns of the empire. Warmly attached to the prerogative, he brands reform with the name of innovation; and is fond of urging the wholesome regulations of our ancient laws, in opposition to the improvements of modern projectors.

His attachment to his Sovereign is personal, and at least equals his attachment to prerogative. Take his own words on a recent and important occasion:—'When I forget my king (says he) may God forget me!' The sentiment was strongly expressive of the feelings of gratitude. It did honour to his heart, and certainly will not injure his preferment.

As a judge, his researches are deep, and his decisions are confessedly impartial: none of them however, have procured him celebrity.

As a legislator, he has as yet acquired no reputation; and notwithstanding a voluntary proffer of his services, has made no alteration in the laws respecting the imprisonment of insolvent debtors, whom he has treated with a violence that savours of the rigour of justice rather than the mildness of humanity.

His enemies, who hate him with rancour rather than enmity, dare not question his integrity, nor can they charge him with any action deserving of reproach. His friends, who love him from esteem rather than affection, avow the greatness of his deserts, yet find it difficult to fix his particular merits. In fine, his character is still negative and undetermined: with powers fitted for any thing he has as yet done nothing, and although he seems the wonder of the present age, will, perhaps, scarce meet with the notice of posterity.

His great predecessors have erected the noblest monuments to their fame, by attention to the happiness, the interests, and the welfare of their fellow-citizens. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke planned the bill for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions in Scotland! Lord Keeper Guildford had a principal hand in the statute of frauds and perjuries, of which the Lord Nottingham observed, 'That every line was worth a subsidy.' Lord Chancellor Somers projected the act of union betwixt England and Scotland, and a bill to correct some proceedings both in common law and equity that were dilatory and chargable.

These were services that at once claimed and secured immortality.

The life, however, of the present Chancellor, if it is destitute of eulogium, is yet not without its moral, as his success will naturally stimulate the exertions of industry, and invigorate the efforts of genius

But let this character teach those who dare to consider successful ambition, not as the end but as the road only to true greatness, that nothing but active worth can form the good citizen, and the great lawyer.

For the Emerald.

OBEDIENCE is often regulated by the manner of command. Bold requisitions exact compliance as a right, simple requests obtain it as a favour, and humble entreaties, with no force to support them, are refused without civility and perhaps with contempt. This indeed may not be applicable to the social intercourse of mankind, where authority bends to politeness, and the character of the gentleman is rather displayed by elegance of manners than inflexibility of genius; but there are communications with the world that justify the remark; there are continual claims on its gratitude and its justice, and continual attempts to deceive the one and impose upon the other. Merit attracts envy; and rewards before they are bestowed are generally impaired by the jealousy of rivalship. He, who trusts to the unassisted splendor of his own fame will find its rays diverged in the clouds of prejudice, or scattered and perhaps concealed by the mists of ignorance and folly; but he who enforces the merit of his actions by his eloquence will seem to command as well by present labour as past services; he intimidates opposition and bears off the prize.

The world is seldom just in its estimate of retiring merit. Forgetful that modesty is compatible with virtue, and estimating the value of actions more by show than intrinsic worth, it generally is prodigal of its favours to those who are most importunate, and has parted with all it possessed, before the diffident and unobtrusive candidate has a chance for its honours.

There is in that independent boldness which asserts its own rights and claims their reward, something of nobility which invariably attracts popular favour. He who has no hesitation to expose his actions to the public; he who throws his character into the open plain to be taken up and examined by whatever partizan is desirous of the task, discovers a fearlessness of reproach and a consciousness of virtue, which many are willing to consider as a proof of greatness, and all estimate as an evidence of courage.

It is in a struggle for popular favour as in a contest on the field of battle. That confidence which never calculates on danger nor anticipates defeat generally adds extrinsic vigor to native strength, and doubles the real powers of the man. With the enthusiasm it inspires, it makes itself a path for the attainment of its object, and with the glow of animation takes possession of its prize without supposing the struggle was even in proportion to its powers. Success is rendered glorious by the manner of the victory, and defeat is even respectable from the nobleness of the contest.

What then!—Is confidence to pass for merit, and a man to be estimated by his importunity more than by the history of his life. Is he who sounds the clarion of his own praise to drown the notes of his rivals and alone be regarded? Far otherwise. The confidence we speak of must be supported by some nobleness of nature, or it will excite disgust, and by some energy of character, or it will be ridiculed and despised.

Merit, the most solid and respectable, *may* be passed over in the

shades of retirement, but confidence *must* be the mean of disgrace unless it is founded on the most durable virtues and the noblest of actions. Mankind tolerate pride, only when the causes whereby it is generated are necessary for their own security. The gratitude which a great man is entitled to receive is generally mixed with envy, and enemies enough are found to pick out every thread in his garments whenever they have an opportunity of examining them. He then who makes confidence a substitute for merit will be ridiculed as well for his vanity as his folly. Great actions are the only title to great praise and the consciousness of merit the only security for confidence.

But although a man may be censured for the confidence of his deportment, he perhaps escapes by that means the lash that would fall on a tenderer part. A celebrated Athenian had the art to divert popular attention from himself to his dog, and some of our modern Machiavels have drawn on the errors of their manners and their trifling aberrations from dignity, the reproach which would more seriously have affected their reputation and honour. It may however be assumed as a general truth, that a man never loses any thing by a full confidence in his own capacity. A doubt in his own mind will weaken the expectations of his friends but a reliance on his own powers will defeat the calculations of his enemies.

EMILIUS.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VIII. would make a fine exhibition on a stage which could exhibit its pomp to advantage.

But pomp (says Dr. Johnson) is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Catherine have furnished some scenes which may justly be reckoned among the finest efforts of tragedy, but the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catherine; every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

If a writer without prescriptive fame had made this declaration, he would be treated without mercy by the admirers of the English Bard. What is the melting eloquence of Buckingham, and the accurate and able delineation of Wolsey? The dialogue between this minister and Cromwell has all the nice touches of the painter of the passions and all the impressive morality of a Christian professor.

....O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served myGod with half the zeal
That I have served my king, he would not
Thus have left me.

GARRICK AND BARRY.

These two celebrated tragedians contested the prize of merit for the able representation of Lear. It is needless to say that both played in a masterly manner. The superiority of Garrick is neatly expressed in the following lines:

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears:
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

Again in a still more forcible and laconic manner.

A king? Aye, every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear:
But Garrick's quite another thing:
He's ev'ry inch King Lear.

MR. BACKHOUSE.

A Fellow of a College, whose name was Backhouse (sounded Bacchus) unfortunately, once found a young gentleman on his staircase, sprawling at full length, being fuller

of the juice of the vine, than young gentlemen ought to be. Backhouse took hold of him, and hauling him along, somewhat coarsely, began to expostulate with him. The youth was thus brought to his recollection, when, on rubbing his eyes, and feeling Backhouse drag him down stairs, he exclaimed,

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum? HOR.

JOHNSON.

The following fact may possibly be known to our literary miners, but it never before came to our knowledge, and is well worth preserving.

The celebrated Dictionary of the English language, to which is prefixed the name of Dr. Johnson, did not originate with him. He has indeed the credit of it, but it is rather an ascribed credit, than a merited one. The hint came first from Lord Chesterfield, who communicated it to Mr. R. Dodsley (the bookseller) and explained his ideas of giving the different significations of words, by quotations from the best authors arranged in the order of time.—Dodsley approved of the hint, and mentioned it to Dr. Campbell, author of the Lives of the Admirals, &c. But Campbell could not be brought to taste of it, and therefore declined to undertake it. Dodsley afterwards mentioned it to Mr. Garrick, by accident. Garrick liked the thought very much, and recommended his friend Johnson to execute it. Johnson at first was rather sluggish about it; but Garrick pressed it warmly to him, and promised to give him his utmost assistance. At length Johnson undertook it. Mr. Garrick was faithful to his promise: he furnished him with all or most of his dramatic quotations. Lord Chesterfield furnished him with almost every thing from polite literature. Mr. Melmoth (translator of Pliny) did the same. Mr. Moore, author of the Fables for the Ladies; Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge, Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Horace Walpole, &c. &c. all contributed, So that Johnson was very ably and amply supplied, although no acknowledgment was ever made of these assistants.

CONTROVERSIES IN RELIGION.

Sir Francis Bacon, writing in 1609 to Dr. Toby Mathew, who had revolted to the Jesuits, uses this simile:—"Myself am like the miller of Grancester, that was wont to pray for peace among the willows, for while the wind blew, the windmills wrought and the water-mill was less customed. So I see that *controversies in religion* must hinder the *advancement of science*."

DR. BREWSTER.

Dr. Brewster was put out of commons for missing chapel; on which occasion he wrote the following epigram:—

To fast and pray, we are by Heaven taught:
O, could I practise either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty's such,
I pray too little, and I fast too much!

This epigram procured his immediate restoration.

The French, in their allowances of merit to the English nation, raise it by a studied gradation above the level of all others, and just to a single degree below their own: an instance of this, among many, is that of military courage, which, in their opinion, they possess in the most eminent degree.

The following occurrence, incredible as it may appear, is nevertheless true: A rat was detected in a kitchen in town in the very act of carrying off a silver table spoon, which upon search was found concealed in the rat's apartment, together with two other spoons, formerly lost (the value of which had been paid by the servant who had the charge of them) a purse with money, and other valuable articles. The astonished master immediately sent for the servant, repaid the money, and rewarded the person who recovered the property.—N. B. The thief made his escape.

Edinburgh Journal.

FOOTE.

FOOTE, who was ever in the extremes of fortune, now at the top, now at the bottom of her wheel, happened to be in

the *latter condition*, when Macklin and he happened to meet. They were both at the Bedford coffee-house together, when Foote, perhaps to keep up the appearance of prosperity, was every now and then showing off a fine gold repeating watch, which he kept either dangling in his hand, or up to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch is *stopt!*"—"Poh! Poh!" said Macklin, "never mind that Sam, you may depend *upon it, it will soon go.*"

PREVIOUSLY to Foote's bringing out his *Primitive Puppet-Shew* at the Haymarket theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray Sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"—"Oh dear Madam, no: not much above the size of Garrick!"

FOOTE praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been to *Cork*. "No, Sir," said he, quickly, "but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

Selected for the Emerald.

[The following epistle contains many lively and pleasant remarks on a custom, harmless enough, one would think, to have escaped the satire of wit and levity. As the custom is common in New-England it will apply to us as well as the people to whom it was addressed, though perhaps few of those in the situation alluded to would be desirous of having it thought they were *hard to be married!*

Em. Edt'rs.]

Messrs. Editors,

YOUR readers, as well as myself, must, doubtless have remarked the growing custom of adding, in the announcement of marriages in the newspapers, the name of the officiating clergyman to those of the parties. When the performer is a bishop, a dean or other dignified clergyman, it is easy to conceive that vanity in the connubial pair, or their friends, may cause this addition: but as we frequently see it made when he is only the simple rector of the parish, I have been considering what can have entitled him to this public commemoration. In similar cases, as that of naming the physician under whose auspices a cure has been effected, the record is intended as a compliment to the skill of the agent; but it is not, at first sight, very obvious that any extraordinary praise can be due to the act of reading the marriage-service. There is, indeed, a story of a clergyman's having found a child *very hard to christen*: but in that case it is suspected, that the difficulty arose from his own situation, and not from any peculiarity in the patient. Yet I cannot but think that it is no uncommon circumstance to find couples *hard to marry*, and that there is often a sufficient degree of effort in performing this feat, to apologize for the seeming vanity of making public the name of the clerical practitioner. I do not exactly know to what defect in the marriage rites the melancholy Jaques alludes, when, dissuading the Clown from suffering Sir Oliver Martexs to couple him and Audrey, he tells him, "This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and like green timber, warp, warp." The law at present, seems to have determined, that if the union be but made, the manner of doing it is of no consequence, and even the workmanship of the smith of Gretnagreen is reckoned to hold as well as that of his Grace of Canterbury. But the task of bringing the parties together, may be a serious labour indeed. A sly old batchelor has lived a score of years with a kept madam, who has a great desire at last to be made an *honest woman* of. What a trial of skill to a confidential divine to work upon the hardened buff of this man!

conscience, and mollify it down to that matrimony which has so long been the object of his scorn and ridicule? A novel reading miss, whose heart has been softened by some neighbouring Celadon, looks with horror upon the honest Numps whom her careful father has chosen for her; and, like Anne Page, would rather "be set quick in the earth, and bowled to death with turnips," than meet him at the altar. What a profusion of rhetoric must be employed to bring such a damsel to the dutiful act of bestowing her hand contrary to the dictates of her heart! With the young spendthrift whose stomach rises at the sight of an amourous dame of three-score, panting to deliver him from a jail by the gift of her purse and person, fewer arguments for compliance may be necessary; and yet he must, in some measure, be fashioned to the joke by persuasion. In these and similar cases, which are not very uncommon, some mediator is evidently wanted to take the part which Horace assigns to Venus:

——————cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aënea
Sævo mittere cum joco;

and where the clergyman assumes this office, his labours certainly deserve commemoration. Under this idea, I shall for the future suppose that more is meant than meets the ear, when we are gravely told that the Rev. Mr. Such-a-one married such a couple; and that his task was somewhat more ardous than merely reading some sentences out of a book, and afterwards, perhaps, dining with the happy party.

I remain, Sir, Your's, &c.

PHILOGAMUS.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

France has of late exhibited an extraordinary degree of curiosity relative to the letters of celebrated females. In the course of the last nine months have appeared those of Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles de Villars, de Coulanges, de la Fayette, de Tencin, Ninon, Aïssé, du Maine, de Simiane, de Montpensier, de Motteuille, de Montmorency, Dupré and de Lambert.

New Elements of the Science of Man, by P. J. Barthez, Physician to the Emperor and King.—The author commences his work with a preliminary discussion, in the course of which he presents the reader with a general view of the principles of life and motion. He divides the powers of life into two kinds and then proceeds to an historical account of the opinions of philosophers, both ancient and modern, respecting its nature. He, at the same time, traces a gradual scale of motions, beginning with the most simple, and ending with the most complex.

Instead of explaining the causes of death, he refers that grand and universal law to the primordial rules which govern man; and he is of opinion, that it is not in general accompanied by painful sensations. Nay, he goes still further, and taking into consideration the feebleness which usually precedes it, he is almost ready to believe that there may be somewhat *pleasant* in it, as in sleep!

Mr. Allingham's "*Weathercock* holds a respectable place among our modern farces; though, it must be confessed, he has heightened it to an extravagant degree. "*We Fly by Night*," by Mr. Colman, is inferior to it.

Mr. Cumberland's "*Hint to Husbands*" is distinguished by good sense, good language, and just morality.

Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield still continues to exercise her pen for the benefit of the rising generation. Her "*Excursions in North America, described in Letters from a Gentleman and his young Companion to their Friends in England,*" is a very elegant and interesting compilation; exhibiting the best parts of the most popular writers on the subject of North America, judiciously extracted and neatly put together.

Errata.—In last Wanderer, 5th line of the 1st paragraph, dela the word "*sense,*" and in the 3d column, 4th line from the bottom, for "*immortality,*" read "*immorality.*"

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ADDRESSED TO MARIA.

When Beauty bids the vivid song arise,
Herself the subject, her enchanting smile
The guerdon of the task, who can be mute ?
What Muse can round the Heliconian fount
Inglorious stray, and leave unstrung her lyre !
What tongue refuse to join the choral joy ?
Or, to adorn her brow, what hand neglect
To weave the chaplet of *Pierean* flowers ?

Waked by thy call, the willing Muse appears,
From the soft lustre of love-darting eyes,
To quaff new inspiration, new delight,
And prove to thee, Maria, that *he* sings
Not uninspir'd, whom love and you command.
So, from the shade, or green-embroider'd vale,
Rous'd by the genial warmth of rising morn
The red-bird pours abroad his matin song,
Wild and spontaneous, but to nature true.

O thou ! whose manners, easy yet polite,
Attract th' attention, and secure the heart ;
Thou whom refinement brightens with fresh charms
To please the fancy and enchain the mind,
Say shall I hail thee at declining day,
When round the social hearth attentive sit
The friendly group, and listen to thy words,
Reaping the fruit of travell'd industry
In all thou say'st ? Truth, from thy lips distill'd,
Appears more amiably fair, more sweet,
As honey from the labour of the bee.

And from thy converse well may all derive [tion,
Instruction ; fair yet free from affecta-
Young with experience, with reflexion gay,
Cautious tho' wise, judicious tho' a wit ;
Uniting charity with inborn worth ;
With conscious dignity, politeness free;
That native, true politeness, which extends
To even pride, civility, respect ;
To gaiety a sympathetic smile ;
Wit to the youthful ; gravity to age ;
Esteem to merit ; to the child of want
A tear of pity ; to the female world
Example fair, and rev'rence to thyself.

How small the merit that the world allows
To the fair product of the female mind !
How great, how consequential too,
Is to the world, the product of that mind!
Wit, learning, knowledge, proud philosophy !
What are ye, what your end and aim, unless
Soft gentleness and suavity of mein
Temper your speech, and smooth your brow severe ?
—A rose unblown—presenting to the grasp
A thorny coat, and to the eye offence.
Be candid then, and own the power prolific
Of *their* smiles who give you grace t' expand,
And shed your sweetness on the breeze of life.

All hail ! ye gentle courtesies and smiles
That sport and wanton in thy pleasing train,
O modesty ! sole stimulus of love !
Of Paradise derived ! long may ye live,
Long bloom and flourish, seeing at your feet
The willing gifts of friendship, of esteem,
And every offering that politeness claims.

But oh ! may that politeness not descend
To flatter fools, to sooth the proud, the vain ;
That were a disgrace, an ignominy,
A prostitution vile of virtue's self :
For true politeness ever is judicious,
Warm, issuing from the heart, sincere and kind ;

Is not discovered in the courtier's cringe,
The coquette's smile, the lover's supple knee;
Obeys not, puppet-like, the master wire
Of sordid GAIN; but to commisserate
The woes of others and redress their wrongs;
To hold the cup of pleasure to mankind;
This is her aim, her being, her delight.

Spoken by beauty, virtue's precepts rise
High in the mind of imitative man;
Changing his conduct, turning into *choice*
The work which peradventure *duty* had
Urg'd ineffectual. Know then, ye fair,
Ye [illegible]shers of life! how many eyes
Are turn'd to take example from your ways;
How many crouds of gay *cameleon* forms
Borrow from you, their lustre and their die.

Know therefore, of how high import are all
Your acts, your looks. Heedful of every step,
Be circumspect; of every word, be wise:
So shall your footsteps guide to virtue's fane,
And win the world to wisdom and to worth.

LEANDER.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball, and the Grasshopper's feast;
The trumpeter Gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promis'd, that ev'ning, to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin, the Mole;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigued with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water dock leaf, wheich their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey to sweeten the feast.

With steps more majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazer a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud, that he drew in his head,
And went, in his own little chamber, to bed.

Then, as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you, or for me!

THE MAN TO MY MIND.

THEY tell me 'tis quite in the fashion to marry,
And wonder I'm single--I'm not a hurry;
I will never be wed until I can find,
In ev'ry respect, the man to my mind.
Believe me, of offers I've had not a few
From the witty, rich, handsome, and affable too;

But even with all these attractions combin'd,
It appears I've not found the man to my mind.
From such it may seem I am rather unfair,
And because I am young, that I need not despair;—
But answer me this, with a friendship that's kind,
Is it right I should wed—but the man to my mind?

The miser I hate, for he worships his gold;
And profligates too, their affections are cold;
Yet a fondness that's foolish—as the man that's unkind,
I never could call him the man to my mind.

The man I could wed, should we happen to meet,
Must not be a fribble, a fop—but discreet;
The coxcomb I hate, for he ne'er can be kind;
His ways are not suited at all to my mind.

The following are the concluding lines of the Fragment of Simonides.

But still one race remains (and oh! most blest
Among mankind, of such a wife possest!)
One only race, from every censure free,
And every fault, the daughter of the *Bee*.
Superior to her sex, some winning charm
Of grace almost divine surround her form;
Her industry supports her husband's name,
Her care maintains his honour and his fame,
Her love instructs a fair and numerous race
To share his glories, and supply his place.
Blest she descends into the vale of years
With the lov'd partner of her youthful cares,
And peaceful age, which no vain trouble moves,
Exalts their union, and their love improves.

THE TRAVELLERS.

Alas! what changes do appear
Within the circle of a year! [drear,
There's nothing now but prospects
While frosts abound

See, see the awful sweeping blast,
The scene terrific seems to last;
The trembling shepherd stands aghast,
And wraps him round.

The distant hills are clad with snow,
And Boreas bitterly doth blow;
The travellers to their inns do draw,
Benumb'd with cold.

Each snug within an elbow-chair,
And free from sorrow and from care,
The pipe and bottle they will share,
And converse hold.

But when the rustling blasts are by,
Low the wind, and clear the sky,
And flakes of snow no longer fly,
They part full dearly.

Then, then the travellers, blythe and gay
With pleasure hail the winter's day,
Along the road pursue their way
Right cheerly.

CHARADE.

When some fond Youth is deep in love,
He tells his sorrows to the grove,
And thinks his case the very worst;
But should the fair one deign to smile,
Soon he will change his pensive style,
Declaring that she is *my first*.

Embolden'd by the smiles so bland,
Should he solicit her fair hand,
Or boldly steal a soft embrace:
Sudden, a swift suffusing blush,
Will through each burning feature rush
And like *my second* make her face.

If wedlock binds the happy pair,
They bid adieu to cank'ring care,
And instantly become *my whole*;
For father, mother, brother dear,
Are not as man and wife so near,
Closest relations of the soul.

Veritas non in Puteo.

Oft I had heard the sages say,
Truth in a *Well* concealed lay:
Eager to find the goddess out,
In vain I search'd the wells about;
At last, exerting all my wit,
I found her in a *Gravel-pit*.

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